

572A

AN
EPISTLE

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGE Lord PIGOT.

[Price ONE SHILLING.]

EPISTLE

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGE EARL PILOT

BY JOHN BISHOP

11630. e. 16
15

A N
E P I S T L E

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGE Lord PIGOT, *K*

On the Anniverfary of the Raifing the Siege of MADRAS.

Written during his Lordship's Confinement at

SAINT THOMAS'S MOUNT.

“ Blow, blow, thou Winter's wind,
Thou art not fo unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not fo keen,
Thou caufest not that teen,
Although thy breath be rude.”

SHAKESPEAR.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR J. DODSLEY, IN PALL-MALL.

M.DCC.LXXVIII.

EPITAPH

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGE LORD PICOT

On the Anniversary of the Raising the Siege of MADRAS

Written during his Lordship's Confinement at

SAINT THOMAS'S MOUNT.

“Blow, blow, thou Winter’s wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man’s ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Though thou dost bite the skin,
As ungrateful man’s ingratitude.”

SHAKESPEARE.



Printed for J. DODD, in Pall-Mall.

M.DCCCXXVII

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following lines were written in the month of February 1777, during the author's voyage to England. The news of the usurpation at Madras had not then reached Leadenhall Street, from whence alone the Noble Sufferer could obtain redress of his public grievances. The sentiments of an individual at so uncertain a period may possibly excite curiosity, as founded upon an intimate knowledge of facts, and strengthened by the testimony of unbiassed judgment. That the conduct of Lord Pigot's enemies has been since severely reprehended is a matter of exultation to the author. That a due punishment may follow an

enquiry into their crimes would become a general wish, were the world ascertained how strictly it is connected with the interests of justice and humanity. The schemes of faction may be upheld for awhile, but, like buildings composed of unsound materials, they suddenly sink beneath their own weight, and betray at once the folly and dishonesty of the projectors.

THE following lines were written in the month of February 1777, during the author's voyage
N. B. This Poem was printed before the news of Lord **PIGOT's** death reached England; but as the Author is at present out of the kingdom, the Publisher did not think that event a sufficient reason for suppressing it.

A N

E P I S T L E

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGE Lord PIGOT.

HOW long, Britannia ! shall in Glory's race
 Thy sons yet struggle for the foremost place,

Or dare the frigid pole or burning zone,

In every region honour'd but their own ?

The laurell'd trophies of the foreign field

Unpictur'd fade, and to oblivion yield ;

Nor

Nor to the Victor's credit aught redounds
But humbled rivals, or forgotten wounds !

True to the part which modest Worth demands
In climes pernicious, and in distant lands,
With not a friend to close the failing eye,
Or stone to ask the tribute of a sigh,
The Muse indignant wakes the dead again,
Or shews the living have not toil'd in vain ;
To India turns on this distinguish'd day,
And calls thee, **PIGOT**, to adorn her lay.

She turns !---but ah ! what horrors meet her view !---
Is this the meed to your Deliverer due ?
Thus greet you him who made your nations free ?
Are Bonds the recompence for Liberty ?

Behold

Behold the Man who toils and dangers brav'd,
 Check'd Gallia's progress, and the Dècan sav'd;
 Now own'd the leader of unconquer'd bands,
 And now a captive in ignoble hands!
 Thus sinks the Lion in the hunter's toils,
 While triumphs Fraud, and Rapine boasts the spoils.
 Thus in the East Ambition shall prevail,
 While gold is left to turn the doubtful scale:
 While knaves and fools our venal councils sway,
 And yet Nabobs for revolutions pay!

Shame to the men---if shame with them remain,
 If still their bosoms know a virtuous pain---
 Who lost to honor, feign an honest zeal,
 And term their interest as the public weal;

Who leagued with Mahomet's perfidious race;
 Betray their trust, their dignity disgrace;
 Who gloss their treasons with a vague pretence,
 To truth repugnant as to common sense;
 While wond'ring Indians see the British name
 Our foes' derision, and our country's shame:
 While e'en the Gaul with blushes marks the day
 When PIGOT fell to treachery a prey.
 To him invincible the Hero's heart,
 A Paris finds the vulnerable part!

And well, my Lord, canst thou this tribute raise---
 This next to Conscience the sublimest praise!
 Which Honor's dictates on the brave impose,
 To own the merit of their greatest foes.

That

That Fame might justly on thy actions dwell,
 Ah ! let the friends of injur'd LALLY * tell !
 He, bred to war, and fir'd with glory's charms,
 And panting to avenge his country's arms,
 Thy pride, Cormandel ! long assail'd in vain
 With gallant prowess, and a martial train :
 With PIGOT doom'd unequal war to wage,
 A martyr falls to ministerial rage !

Nor what thy King nor Country could bestow,
 To traitors' hands new splendor thou shalt owe.

* Le Comte de Lally, commander in chief of the French troops in India during the violent contest between the French and English companies for dominion. He was unjustly beheaded to appease the discontent of the nation at the ill success of their arms in a quarter where every thing yielded to the fortune of a PIGOT. The declared intentions of the present King of France, to restore the son to the honors and estates of his father, seem to countenance this opinion.

What

What tho' by Senates prais'd, with titles grac'd,
 Enroll'd with patriots, and with heroes plac'd,
 Still to the world was hid thy fairer side,
 'Till thrown to struggle with misfortune's tide.
 Then blaz'd the spirit undisturb'd by fear,
 In danger active, and in tumult clear:
 Which bow'd submissive for the general * good,
 But self-attack'd, a rebel-host withstood:

Which

* When Lord PIGOT was seized without the gates of Madras, the first reflection he made was the apprehension of a mutiny among the troops, and the bloodshed which might ensue; but being assured that care had been taken to preserve the peace of the garrison, he very quietly permitted the officer to conduct him to St. Thomas's Mount. But three nights after, when the same officer came at midnight to remove him to some unknown place, his lordship refused to go with him; and addressing himself to the European guard in whose custody he was kept, he reminded them of his past services; and the office he bore. He called God to witness that he would never trust himself with the traitor who had seized his person; that, though unarmed,

he

Which daily proves, by threats, by insults tried,
A Roman firmness; and a British pride !

Friend to the good ! howe'er by fortune shown,
Or press'd by bonds, or glittering on a throne,
Th' exulting Muse anticipates the day
When Virtue's triumph shall awake her lay ;
When falsehood's clouds to truth's strong beam shall yield,
And justice drive oppression from the field.
Fame swells the trump, and joy renews the strain---
He comes victorious to his walls again !

he would resist until death ; that his soldiers might fix him where he stood with their bayonets, but that he would never be forced from that spot alive. This intrepid behaviour made a proper impression on the soldiery, who betrayed such emotion as alarmed the leaders of this dark enterprize, and induced them to decline it.

Lo! PIGOT comes again to save the state,
 And on his genius India rests her fate;
 From trials nice, which prove the statesman true,
 And bid the hero's laurels bloom anew!
 So by the voice of factious discontent
 Rome's great deliverer into exile went:
 'Till injur'd Freedom arm'd in Tully's cause,
 And pay'd his sufferings with a world's applause!

Nor then, my Lord, these humble lays despise,
 More warm than polish'd, more sincere than wise:
 More than to letter'd fame his views extend,
 Whose high ambition would be stil'd thy friend:
 Who sees thee heap'd with wrongs, and stript of state,
 Serenely firm, and personally great;

Sees

Sees all the lustre of thy former days
Burst from the shade, and pour redoubled rays :
A lustre which, unborrow'd, time defies,
As shines the sun, tho' night involve the skies ;
As reigns his influence, tho' the day descend,
Clouds veil his face, and storms his empire rend !

F I N I S.

Sees all the lustre of thy former days
Burst from the shade, and pour redoubled rays :
A lustre which, unborrow'd, time denies,
As shines the sun, tho' night involve the skies ;
As reigns his influence, tho' the day decline,
Clouds veil his face, and storm his empire round !

FINIS